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CONSERVATION OF COAL

Conservation is another name for economy, and economy has been defined facetiously by some one whose name is not important as "doing without something you want in order to buy something you don't want." That definition, however, does not fit the kind of economy you are urged to use in cooperating with the United States Fuel Administration.

You wanted coal last winter. You will want it just as much next winter. Just think how badly you will want it if you haven't got it.

More coal was mined in the United States last year than ever before. In spite of that fact there was a shortage of millions of tons. The United States had entered the war, and every factory had increased its demand. This year there will be more factories. There will be more demand for coal. Every war industry will be working at top speed turning out materials for ships and airplanes and in making munitions and supplies of all kinds.

Two things must be done to avert a greater shortage this year than occurred last year. More coal must be taken out of the mines, and less coal put into household furnaces. Increase in production will be difficult under any circumstances. It will be impossible unless you cooperate by ordering your coal now. This is not exaggeration. It is a cold fact.

Coal cannot be stored at the mines and when there are no orders to be filled the mines close down. Your order will help to keep them busy during the summer. This is the only way production can be increased. The United States is rushing troops to the aid of the allies. This means crowding the rails with passenger trains. It means using every freight car in the country to keep munitions and supplies of all kinds moving to the seaports. It means greater difficulty than ever before in keeping the coal cars moving to and from the mines.

Coal deliveries must be distributed through the summer. They must not—they can not—be delayed until the fall. The Fuel Administration can not regulate the amount of coal you shall burn each day. It has regulated, however, the amount you will be allowed to buy. Your retail dealers know how much you have been accustomed to use, or should use, and they have been warned by the Fuel Administration not to sell you more than your normal supply.

If you waste that supply and run short before the winter is over it will be your own fault. It is up to you to save it in every possible way. You may be able to borrow money. You will not be able to borrow coal. Your neighbor is not going to have any more than he needs for himself, and he is not likely to split up with you after you have failed to buy or have wasted your supply.

"Over there," when the men go into the trenches, each one has the same quantity of water in his canteen; just enough to last him until he gets back—if he does get back—to camp. He knows exactly how many swallows of water there are in that canteen and that if he does not save it he will suffer, because it is a point of honor with him not to take water from another's canteen, even though suffering the tortures of the damned. Will you—can you—fail to practice as much self control in the saving of coal as that boy does in the saving of water?

Economic use of your coal, however, is not the only way you can help the Fuel Administration in its campaign for conservation. That campaign will include every possible means for saving coal. Many of the methods used will cause you

annoyance, inconvenience, sacrifice of pleasure, perhaps even loss of income. There is not one of you who would hesitate to make heroic sacrifices. Will you refuse, then, to make those small sacrifices without which America can not win this war? Will you jeopardize the lives of those boys who are fighting for you by refusing to save coal, when every shovelful you save means a shovelful for the factories that are making the munitions, the food, and the clothing for them?

Does your blood boil when you read and hear of Prussian atrocities? Do you see red when you read of the air raids on defenseless towns, the bombardment of Paris, the murder of women and of children? Do you want to get into the fight? You can fight Germany by heeding the Fuel Administration's appeals.

THE PROFITEERING SPIRIT

The Congressional military affairs committee is about to investigate alleged scandals in aircraft production. There is going to be a determined attempt to clean profiteering in all parts of the war work. Any people who are trying to fatten themselves will have a lively time before they get through.

Many of these people would indignantly deny that they were doing anything dishonorable. They claim that the government is not compelled to buy of them, and that if the government is not satisfied with their price, it can go somewhere else.

If a man's house was afire, he would pay a very high price for a ladder so he could get up on the roof and throw some water. He might better afford to pay \$100 for the ladder rather than not to have it.

The neighbor could not justify himself for refusing the ladder if the owner of the burning building would not pay \$100 for it. It would be no excuse to say that if he was dissatisfied with the terms, he could look for some other ladder. Public sentiment would tell him to loan the ladder freely and gladly, and not charge a cent for it.

The illustration is not just parallel, for producers usually depend on their work for their living, and are entitled to a fair price. No one complains when a producer simply asks a fair interest return on the money. Some producers however have been generous enough to give the government the use of their plants ask ink no money return for themselves. The country appreciates their fine spirit.

The man who deliberately soaks the government is too contemptible for words to express. If his neighbors fully realized, they would scarcely care to speak to him on the street.

NEWSPAPER SUCCESS

Many suggestions as to how a man can achieve success in the newspaper business are found in the career of the late James Gordon Bennett, whose death has been followed by interesting reminiscences of his journalistic methods. Perhaps the most telling incident relates to the occasion when a copy boy was in such a hurry that he ran into the pit of Mr. Bennett's stomach. Mr. Bennett was so pleased at the energy and speed which the boy was showing that he rewarded him with a gift of several dollars.

There is a lot of suggestion in that incident. Most men who have won out in the newspaper game, have manifested the same energy and absorption that that copy boy displayed. There is a great deal of hard work in the newspaper game. There is an incessant pursuit of an infinity of small details. No man who is not capable of untiring effort is any use in the newspaper field.

Although Mr. Bennett made his home in Paris, yet he kept his newspaper at a high standard of achievement, and he did it by the closest scrutiny of every bit of matter it published from day to day.

Many newspaper men have the idea that any old kind of writing is good enough for a newspaper. They use wretched grammar, they write in a rambling and disconnected manner, with no attempt at force or style. Newspaper writing is done in a hurry, so that a certain amount of unfinished work is inevitable. But no good newspaper writer ever regrets the time he takes to cut out useless verbiage, to put color and life and quality into his words. The public may not quite be able to define the difference. But it instinctively recognizes good writing when it sees it, and values the man who can produce it.

DADDY'S EVENING
TALK

BY MARY GRAMMER

TRIP FOR ANT THRUSHES.

Daddy had heard of a curious family of birds that had been found and put in the bird section of a zoo. The children naturally wanted to hear about the queer old birds so they asked Daddy to begin his story right away.

"Dear me," said Daddy, "so I must begin at once, must I? Well, I enjoy telling stories to two little people who seem to want to hear them so much."

"Once upon a time a man was looking in the off lands for odd bits of birds—birds that were rare and wonderful. The usual kind he passed by without noticing them at all. This made some of them rather angry. But when he passed before Mr. Ant Thrush and saw how strange he was, he stopped right off, and said:

"Will you come and live in our land in a big zoo where people and people and people will stand before you every day and say how wonderful you are?"

"And the ant thrush said he would if he could bring his wife along too. Mr. Ant Thrush had just been mar-



"Will You Come and Live in Our Land?"

ried, and when he married in honor of the occasion his black feathers on the top of his head turned into white, soft, downy feathers—just like a big, full flower. He calls it his wedding suit, and he wears it for some little time. At no other time, but just when he is getting married, does the ant thrush wear such a fine headress.

"Now Mr. Ant Thrush was about six inches long and very graceful—he wore a lovely slate-colored suit, and his headress would appear and disappear all the time. It made him look very beautiful and at the same time very strange.

"Mrs. Ant Thrush wore a lovely brown dress. But I must tell you about their mouths—or rather their beaks—for the man was so delighted with the usual way their beaks went up in the air. They curved straight up, and the man thought probably they would always have to stand on their heads when they ate or drank. But as they looked very well fed, he didn't worry about that.

"Let's be starting, then," said the man. "We have a very long trip before us and you want to take it slowly so you will not look all tired out when you arrive."

"The ant thrushes thought it was perfectly splendid to be taken such care of. They loved being thought so rare and wonderful.

"But suddenly it dawned on Mrs. Ant Thrush that she was leaving all her family behind, and while she was away devoted to Mr. Ant Thrush, she thought it would be lonely without some of her sisters and brothers and cousins.

"She began to cry quite hard, and the man hadn't any idea what the trouble could be.

"Even in the far off lands though, there are little fairies always around to see what they can do, and they whispered to the man:

"Mrs. Ant Thrush wants some of her nearest cousins and relatives to go along too. Now she is sorry she has said she will go because she thinks she will be so lonely."

"That pleased the man more than very fine to have a whole family of rare birds with him, and he at once invited Mrs. Ant Thrush to ask any of her family she wanted, so there was great rejoicing all around and a whole family of ant thrushes went to the new land to be admired.

"Later on, as you can imagine, many of the handsome Mrs. Ant Thrushes and the beautiful Mr. Ant Thrushes married and when they did every single Mr. Ant Thrush wore his wedding suit of soft white downy feathers.

"Of course, we wouldn't call it a suit—for only his black feathers at the top of his head would change into white, but every Mr. Ant Thrush considered that such a marvelous and wonderful change was worth calling by a fine name in honor of a fine occasion, and in truth such a change does deserve the fine and honorable name of a wedding suit.

"And everyone in the new land to which they came said they thought they were the most curious family of birds ever seen or ever heard of! And every ant thrush was glad and proud to belong to such a family!"

Water in Cistern.
"Harry," said a mother to her little son, "I wish you would run out and look into the cistern and see whether there is only water in it." A few minutes later the little fellow came back and reported, "It's full on the bottom, mamma, but there ain't any on top."

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Bakimos Play Football.

Football is a favorite amusement with Bakimos of all ages. The football is a small round ball made of seal-skin and stuffed with reindeer hair. In Labrador, as in Greenland, it is whipped over the ice with a thong loop attached to a wooden handle. It can be caught in the air and returned with terrific force by means of this instrument.

Cleaning Gilt Frames.

Gilt frames may be cleaned by washing them with a small sponge moistened with oil of turpentine, the sponge being only sufficient wet to take off the marks. The gliding should not be wiped off, but left to dry without wiping. Varnishing with the best copal varnish is advised for gilt frames, as they can then be washed off carefully with a sponge.

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